

## CLEMSON COLLEGE MESS.

## PRESIDENT MELL REPLIES TO CAPT. MINUS.

Statements Are Contradictory But It Is Evident That Something Is Definitely Wrong and That a Thorough Overhauling is the Only Thing That Will Rehabilitate the College.

Clemson College, April 19.—Dr. Mell makes the following statement:

"I decline to enter into a newspaper controversy with the retiring commandant on the administration of affairs at Clemson for the following reasons:

"First. The issues he raises belong entirely to the jurisdiction of the board of trustees. This body has recently considered these affairs and have announced their decision.

"Second. The war department, through its inspector, Capt. Lenahan, made on April 6 and 7, a thorough and searching examination of the military department of the college and the relationship of the president to the commandant, and this officer expressed to me his entire satisfaction with affairs and stated that he would report to the chief of staff, Gen. Bell. As proof that he did so, Capt. Marcus E. Stokes has been appointed to succeed Capt. Minus at once.

"Third. Since Capt. Minus' resignation last January the discipline of the college has been well sustained by the acting commandant, Prof. Andrew Bramlett, and the conduct of the cadets has been exemplary.

(Signed) "P. H. MELL, Presidents."

Prof. Riggs makes the following statement:

"The use of my name by Capt. Minus in his article today concerning disciplinary conditions at Clemson college is entirely unauthorized. Fearing that some may be misled I am compelled to say that I am not in sympathy with his criticisms. In my opinion President Mell has not interfered with Capt. Minus in the administration of discipline except when justified by the laws of the college in the exercise of his presidential functions.

"W. M. RIGGS."

Capt. J. C. Minus, when shown the two statements, said:

"In regard to President Mell's first point: If the board of trustees considered any affair between the president and me it must have been ex parte, for it is a settled fact that I was not allowed to come before the board. The president's side of the controversy may have been told, certainly not mine.

"In regard to the second point: I made the statement of the troubles that I encountered with the president as commandant to the inspecting officer, Capt. Lenahan. The stand that he took was to the effect that the position of commandant at Clemson is in a way a private arrangement between the officer on duty as military instructor, the officer being detailed as professor of military instruction and tactics, and the college. Consequently unless the lack of discipline shows bad effects upon the military instruction the war department through its inspector does not care to enter into the controversy. If Dr. Mell knew anything about military matters and the way the inspector handles his report he would know that the report of the inspector on the various colleges that he visited will not reach the adjutant general until June or July. Consequently Capt. Stokes is in no way affected by the report.

"Third. I have made no charge in regard to the present state of discipline at Clemson college. Still Prof. Bramlett's statement as to whether or not he has been interfered with and over-riden by Dr. Mell would be more to the point.

"In so far as Prof. Riggs' statement is concerned I assert that my statement is correct. I do not claim that he authorized me to make this statement; I simply assert the statement is true. Prof. Riggs expresses his opinion as to Dr. Mell's interference; I claim that I base my statements on specific cases and expected, if I had been given an opportunity, to prove what I said."

"Will Prof. Riggs give the facts in the Covington case, the Clark case, the Thornhill case, the Teague case, the Fikes case, or the Ryan case, and show the public that his opinion that Dr. Mell has not interfered has been formed on investigation of facts and not on the statement of a belief? Let us all deal with facts and not with beliefs."

Some fellows only seem to put their best foot forward when they are headed in the wrong direction.

Many an artist has his picture rejected because hanging is to good for it.

It isn't so hard to please a woman if she only knows what she wants.

A woman is never flattered by a photograph that looks like her.

## The Andromeda Nebula.

One of the most astonishing objects in the heavens, especially when photographed, is the great nebula in the constellation Andromeda, which is visible as a misty speck to the naked eye. It has long puzzled astronomers, because while its structure—a series of vast rings surrounding a central mass—suggests a gaseous constitution, its spectrum is continuous, resembling that of the sun. It has been suggested that it may be composed of stars constituting a universe external to ours. Recent studies of its parallax, however, indicate that it is nearer to us than some of the well known stars, such as Capella, and Mr. J. Ellard Gore, the English astronomer, points out that if the Andromeda nebula were assumed to be an external universe, having a diameter comparable with that of the Milky way, its mass would be forty million million million times the mass of the sun. This is regarded as incredible and so may be taken as an additional argument in favor of the view that this nebula is a member of our system.—Youth's Companion.

## A Curious Superstition.

There is a curious superstition common to Shetlanders and Cingalese. How islanders so wide apart—some 15,000 miles—managed to adopt each other's views one does not know, but here is the fact. The rice cultivators of Ceylon and the fishermen of Shetland resemble each other in one or two rather remarkable points. They refrain from speaking of the implements of their calling by their names. They call them something else, by names known only to themselves. The reason is that if the evil spirit were to think that they were speaking of spades and rakes or of nets and hooks he would be tempted to damage them or even to appropriate them. The train of thought is the same with both races: "There is an evil spirit always on the lookout for opportunities of doing mischief. He even hears what we say. If we let him understand that we are talking about our implements and tools, we shall direct his attention to them and shall suggest to him a way of doing an injury. Therefore we will agree to call a boat or a spade by some fancy name known only to ourselves."

## Coronets.

The coronet of a duke consists of alternate crosses and leaves, the leaves being a representation of the leaves of the parsley plant. The princes of the blood royal also wear a similar crown. The state headgear of a marquis consists of a diadem surrounded by flowers and pearls placed alternately. An earl, however, has neither flowers nor leaves surmounting his coronet, but only points rising, each with a pearl on the top. A viscount has neither flowers nor points, but only the plain coronet adorned with pearls, which, regardless of number, are placed on the crown itself. A baron has only six pearls on the golden border, not raised, to distinguish him from an earl, and the number of pearls render his diadem distinct from that of a viscount.

## A Bit of Blue Sky.

Professor John Tyndall, who, with many great gifts, possessed a singular skill in devising and conducting beautiful experimental illustrations, actually produced in 1890 a bit of blue sky in the lecture room. In a glass tube three feet in length and three inches in diameter he exhausted the air until it was less than one-tenth the density of the atmosphere we breathe and represented the rarer air high overhead. Into this exhausted air he introduced a little of butyric vapor, which is extremely volatile. Then a strong beam of light in a room otherwise dark was passed through the mixture, and in the glass tube there glowed a beautiful blue cloud, rivaling in color the finest Italian sky. Here was blue sky brought down to earth.

## According to History.

A woman who belongs to a community called the Sisters of St. John the Baptist not long ago spent a month in a backwoods district. Shortly after her arrival she went to the local post-office and inquired if any letters had come for Sister Bernardine. The rural postmaster looked bewildered.

"Sister who?" he asked incredulously. "Sister Bernardine," repeated the lady, "a sister of St. John the Baptist."

"I think not," he answered. Then, after some reflection, he added, "Say, ain't he been dead pretty near a hundred years now?"—Harper's Weekly.

## A Doubtful Bag.

Salesman—Sorry we're quite out of game, but I can recommend the sausages.

Mr. Von Sharpshooter—H'm, yes! But the wife would not believe I shot 'em.—London Half Holiday.

Assume in adversity a countenance of prosperity and in prosperity moderate thy temper.—Livy.

## A Freak.

Jubb—Why, Jimmy, you look as if you'd grown four feet since I last saw you. Jimmy—Huh! I wish I had. I'd exhibit in a dime museum as the "human quadruped" and get a pile of money, I would.

The intellect of the wise is like glass; it admits the light of heaven and reflects it.—Hare.

## The Resemblance.

"I was always interested in airships and flying machines, so I bought a theater."

"Why did you do that?"

"A theater has wings and flies."

All who have gardens know what a pest the green fly, or aphid, becomes. It seems to cover rose trees and other plants like magic.

## IN A LIVING TOMB

I was once third mate of the Water Nymph, a fine clipper ship, engaged in the Australian trade.

One autumn she was discharging a general cargo at the railway pier, Williamstown, Port Phillip, and my duty chiefly consisted in keeping a watchful eye upon the stvedores at work in the hold.

Notwithstanding all my vigilance casks and cases were constantly sent on deck void of contents, and I had just been censured by the chief officer for not keeping a sharper lookout. This galled me much, for I was confident the gang then at work were not the depredators.

At last I received a hint from the cook that there was always plenty of grog knocking about in the fore-castle, and the inference I naturally drew was that the sailors had effected ingress to the hold by forcing a passage through the bulkhead in the fore peak and made nightly incursions upon the cargo, so I resolved to sneak below after the hatches had been closed at sunset and endeavor to catch some of the crew in flagrante delicto.

I told the first mate the suspicions I entertained, and he considered my project a good one, so shortly after nightfall he lowered me down the after hatchway himself, carefully reclosing it.

I groped my way forward for some distance, clambering on hands and knees over chests, bales and boxes, until at last I found my progress impeded by several huge cases of machinery, which barred up the passage from one hatchway to the other on the star-board side.

On the port side and amidships small cases of wine were stowed, and as I could easily lift them I commenced removing the top layer and crawling ahead as I did so.

At last, on removing a good sized bale, I found empty space before me, and, concluding I had arrived at the main hatchway, whence all the cargo had been removed, I faced about and began lowering myself by my hands and feet to the keelson, but a case I grasped gave way, and I was suddenly precipitated to the plank flooring, the package falling upon my legs and holding me down with its weight, which was considerable.

The air was hot and stifling, and a peculiar sickening odor hung upon it. After fumbling in my pocket for a match I struck the last one I had against the iron band of the case. Directly it ignited a sheet of white flame flitted around, and in its pale, weird light I saw a ghastly skeleton crouched in close proximity to where I lay.

I uttered wild screams for help, but only the echoes of my own voice answered, and no other sound broke through the dread stillness save the hurrying rush of many feet as swarms of rats fled over and away from me.

I could see nothing in the intense darkness; but, as if lured by fascination, I glanced in the direction of the ghastly figure until my eyes were almost out of their sockets. I was but a youngster, and I could bear the horrible fantasy no longer. My overstrained nerves relaxed, and I swooned.

How long I remained unconscious I cannot tell, but when my senses returned I heard a noise a short distance ahead of where I lay and saw a ray of yellow light gleam through the interstices of some loosely stowed packages on my right. Then a sound of a man's voice fell upon my ear, and by the tone of it I knew that a sailor named Carstairs was in the vicinity of where I lay.

"It's a good thing for us the mate thinks it's the lumps as broaches the cargo or we'd never get a drop of this good liquor." Say, Bill, can't we smuggle off enough to last the voyage home? I heard him say.

"Carstairs!" I called in a faint voice that sounded strangely unnatural even to myself. "Help! I'm jammed up in here."

"Bill, Bill, did you hear that?" half shrieked the terror-stricken sailor.

"Tis summat oona'al, anyhow. Let's get out of this, Joe. I knew no good would ever come of this way of doing business," replied his companion.

"For mercy's sake, don't leave me here to die!" I cried.

"That's the third mate's voice, for sure," said Carstairs. "What's he arter down here? Spying on us, I s'pose. But if he's got hurt it's best we should go and help him. He's not a bad sort, and perhaps he won't split on us."

I was sorely bruised, but no bones were broken. The sailors assisted me along until I got under the main hatchway; then they went up on deck via the fore-castle and told the mate they thought some one was down the hold.

He, thinking I had made a capture, opened the hatch, and I was hoisted, more dead than alive from the hold beneath.

I explained all to the mate except the part relating to the two sailors, for I did not wish to get them into trouble, as they had aided me, and next day the remains of the unfortunate stowaway were brought up on deck.

From a paper found in the pocket of his coat we ascertained his name and former residence and afterward learned that the unhappy man had wished to join his sweetheart in Australia; but, having no money to pay for a passage, he had stowed himself away in the pump well, whence no sound could reach the deck and so met the terrible fate I have recorded.

There was no more cargo broached at night aboard the Water Nymph that trip.

## Literal.

"There goes a man the sight of whom is good for sore eyes."

"Is he such a great friend of yours?"

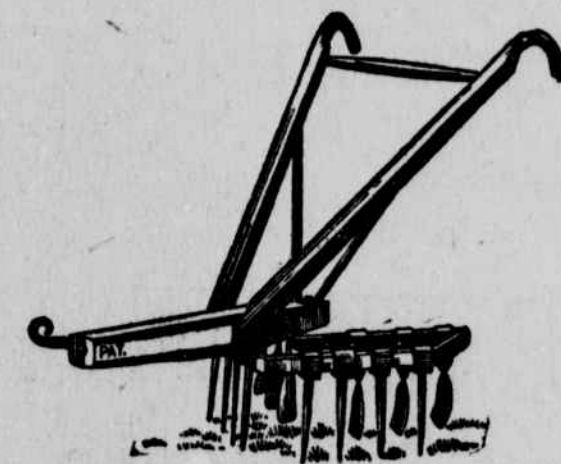
"No; he is an oculist."—Baltimore American.

No man can be provident of his time who is not prudent in the choice of his company.—Jeremy Taylor.

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Some people are so busy planning for the future that they overlook the present.

It seems as though only the wealthy can afford to have no manners.

The black sheep of a family may really be a blonde.

The old maid consoles herself with the thought that it's a mistake to marry too young.

Those who are rolling in wealth might find a better use for it.

If the truth were known, the devil holds a mortgage on many a rich man's property.

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House Renter—"I certainly find it a hard job to get my landlord to make needed repairs, and as for adding comforts and conveniences, he never thinks of such a thing."

House Owner—"Why don't you buy a place of your own, where you can have some pleasure and pride in living?"

House Renter—"It is cheaper to rent."

House Owner—"That may appear so, but is it for what you get?"

You get a great deal more satisfaction out of living when you are in your own house, and can make it truly a home. You get rid of the annoyance and irritation incident to needed repairs going undone, desired comforts and conveniences remaining unprovided. You can beautify your grounds, set out fruit, and arrange conveniences, feeling sure that you will benefit by and enjoy them; you take a pride in your home and enjoy fixing it up. Then should it ever become necessary for you to sell it, you will find in any growing town, that it is worth a good deal more than when you bought it, much more than enough to offset any excess of the interest value of the money put into your home over the rent you would have had to pay for the privilege of living in somebody else's house. You will find that in addition to the pleasure and satisfaction enjoyed in making and having a home of your own, you have actually made a profit. You will always find this so when you get the advice of and are guided in making your purchase by an experienced and reliable real estate man. The real estate men are always glad to advise you if you will let them know what you want.

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